

Last moments of Six

by The Pk Guardian

Category: Halo

Language: English

Characters: SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-10-04 07:38:20

Updated: 2012-10-04 07:38:20

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:31:17

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 444

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: These are the thoughts of Noble Six after the mission "Lone Wolf". Made the week of Halo: Reach's release, but not published until now.

Last moments of Six

Well, here it is. The first story I'm going to publish (and keep) on this site. I wrote this about two years ago, and it's just been sitting in my documents ever since, a short story about Noble 6's death and his thoughts about everything that happened.

And as he sat there, the life slowly draining out of him, his vision blurring and all feeling in his body fading to nothing, he cracked a small smile. He had done it. Given a possible future to everyone back on earth. But at what cost?

Everyone that had fought for Reach alongside him was dead. Kat, Carter, Emile and Jorge. Dead. The two squads of Spartans he never even talked to, but found during his last stand. Dead. The only Spartan he knew even had a chance of surviving was Jun. But who knows what the hell happened to him and Halsey?

And everyone else here on Reach, the civilians, the marines. They were all dead as well. Not that they could have saved them all anyway, but maybe some could have survived if the Noble Team would have tried harder. He remembered all of their deaths clearly. Emile's and Jorge's were the ones that had the most impact on him though, that much he was sure of. He never cared much for Kat and Carter, or Jun for that matter. But they were all family, nonetheless, and he was somewhat saddened by each of their death's anyway.

And his own imminent death at the hand's of the Covenant. He was slowly bleeding internally from the stabs he had received with the energy swords. He didn't mind death, and he sure as hell wasn't afraid of it. But six _was_ afraid of what would happen after death. What exactly was there? 'Nothing.' He thought. Six was never

religious, he couldn't bring himself to believe in any god at all.

To get himself to stop thinking about it, for a moment, or at least until he was actually dead, Six remembered why he tried so hard to become a Spartan in the first place. He remembered his father taking him to the occasional parade in the city, the Spartan II's & their Mjolnir armor. The young boy immediately knew it was his calling to become a Spartan. How that was, he didn't know. And he never would, either.

And finally, Six's breathing got even softer, and he could barely see anything now. And the Spartan died with a smile on his face. This marks the end of Noble Team's story. Noble Six's story.

End
file.